

# Jeffersonian Republican.

THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—Jefferson.

VOL. 7.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1846.

No. 12.

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## THE ISSUE IN OCTOBER NEXT:

James M. Power | Wm. B. Foster  
AND THE | AND THE  
Whig Tariff of '42. | British Tariff of '46.

People of Pennsylvania, here is the issue fairly stated. The election of JAS. M. POWER, will be regarded all over the Union as evidence not to be misunderstood, that PENNSYLVANIA is not to be PROSTRATED IN THE DUST, or her honest voters CHEATED AND HUMBLED with impunity—while every vote polled for WM. B. FOSTER will be deemed an expression in favor of FREE TRADE and the BRITISH TARIFF of 1846.

## Origin of the word "Quiz."

Very few words ever took such a run, or were saddled with so many meanings as this monosyllable; and, however strange the word, it is still more strange that not one of our Lexicographers, from Bailey to Johnson, ever attempted an explanation, or gave a derivation of it. The reason is very obvious; it is because it has no meaning, nor is it derived from any language in the world ever known, from the Babylonish confusion to this day. When Richard Dally was patentee of the Irish theatres, he spent the evening of a Saturday in company with many of the wits and men of fashion of the day. Gambling was introduced, when the manager staked a large sum that he would have spoken through all the principal streets of Dublin by a certain hour next day, Sunday, a word having no meaning, and derived from no known language; wagers were laid and stakes deposited. Dally repaired to the theatre, and despatched all the servants and supernumeraries with the word "Quiz," which they chalked on every door and shop window in town. Shops being shut all next day, everybody going to and coming from their different houses of worship, saw the word; and everybody repeated it, so that "Quiz" was heard all through Dublin. The circumstance of so strange a word being on every door and window, caused much surprise; and ever since, should a story be attempted to be passed current, it draws forth the expression, "You are quizzing me."

[The above scrap of history is new, whether it is true or not. Now, will any body be so kind as to give the origin of the word "Hoax," and its derivation, if it has any. We should guess it belongs to the same family with "quiz."—Ed. Rep.]

## Eating by the Card.

A green 'un from Orange county, determined to spend a few weeks in New York, for the purpose of seeing all the sights; and in order to strike his acquaintances at home with a proper idea of the greatness of his visit, he took up lodgings at the Astor House.

When he was ushered in to dinner, the first day, he was surprised at the number of people who sat down, as well as at the vastness of the dining room. He was equally surprised to see, that each man had a printed account of his dinner before him, and that each one, as he thought, ate according to the directions. He was quite hungry—and well he might be after waiting three hours over his usual time—so he attacked the head of his bill with vigor and ate down as fast as he could, but he soon came to a stand. Just then the gentleman on his right requested the waiter to bring him some oyster pie, which our friend heard, and instantly referred to the list to see where it was.

"What!" exclaimed he, with astonishment, turning to his neighbor—"are you all the way down there? Why, I have only got to roast beef, and I feel already as if I would burst!"

## The Willow by the Spring.

AIR—Lucy Neal.

BY J. HUNT, JR.

Near to my old Grandfather's cot,  
A small stream murmurs by,  
And from its bank a Spring pours out,  
Whose waters never dry;  
Beside that Spring a Willow stands,  
A tall and stately tree,—  
And would you learn what charms it hath?  
I'll tell its charms to me.

The Willow by the Spring,  
The Willow by the Spring,  
Oh, may it live and strength receive,  
As time the moments wing.

My mother on her bridal morn,  
Two twigs inserted there,  
And twining them together close,  
United thus the pair;  
She left them to the charge of fate,  
To flourish, or to fade,—  
But taking root they freely grew,  
And gave the Spring its shade.

The Willow by the Spring,  
The Willow by the Spring,  
Oh, may it live and strength receive,  
As time the moments wing.

How oft have I when but a child,  
And e'en in later years,  
Sat underneath that willow's boughs,  
And bathed its roots in tears;  
Not for a sadness which I felt,  
From pains that pressed my heart,—  
But musing with her troop of thoughts  
Bade feeling's fountain start.

The Willow by the Spring,  
The Willow by the Spring,  
Oh, may it live and strength receive,  
As time the moments wing.

When on the cultured plains of life,  
A wedded pair I see,  
Who, true to each, together cling,—  
I think upon that tree;  
There, green in age it widely spreads  
Its branches to the sun,—  
Distinct two trunks appear in view,  
And yet, "they twain are one."

That Willow by the Spring,  
That Willow by the Spring,  
Oh, may it live and strength receive,  
A hundred years to come.

## A Vivid Sketch.—The Burning of Moscow.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

At length Moscow, with its domes, and towers, and palaces, appeared in sight; and Napoleon who had joined the advanced guard, gazed long and thoughtfully on that goal of his wishes. Murat went forward and entered the gates with his splendid cavalry; but as he passed through the streets, he was struck by the solitude that surrounded him. Nothing was heard but the heavy tramp of his squadrons as he passed along, for a deserted and abandoned city was the meagre prize for which such unparalleled efforts had been made. As night drew its curtain over the splendid capital, Napoleon entered the gates and immediately appointed Mortier, governor. In his directions he commanded him to abstain from all pillage. "For this," said he, "you shall be answerable with your life. Defend Moscow against all, whether friend or foe."

The bright moon rose over the mighty city, tipping with silver the domes of more than two hundred churches, and pouring a flood of light over a thousand palaces, and the dwellings of three hundred thousand inhabitants. The weary army sunk to rest; but there was no sleep for Mortier's eyes. Not the gorgeous and variegated palaces and their rich ornaments—nor the parks and gardens, and Oriental magnificence that every where surrounded him, kept him wakeful, but the ominous foreboding that some dire calamity was hanging over the silent capital. When he entered it, scarcely a living soul met his gaze as he looked down the long street; and when he broke open the buildings, he found parlors and bed-rooms and chambers all furnished and in order, but no occupants. This sudden abandonment of their homes betokened some secret purpose yet to be fulfilled. The midnight moon was sailing over the city when the cry of "fire" reached the ears of Mortier; and the first light over Napoleon's falling empire was kindled, and that most wondrous

## scene of modern time commenced, THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

Mortier, as governor of the city, immediately issued his orders and was putting forth every exertion, when at daylight Napoleon hastened to him. Affecting to disbelieve the reports that the inhabitants were firing their own city, he put more rigid commands on Mortier, to keep the soldiers from the work of destruction. The Marshal simply pointed to some iron covered houses that had not yet been opened, from every crevice of which smoke was issuing like steam from the sides of a pent-up volcano. Sad and thoughtful, Napoleon turned towards the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Czars, whose huge structure rose high above the surrounding edifices.

In the morning, Mortier by great exertions was enabled to subdue the fire. But the next night, Sept. 15th at midnight, the sentinels on watch upon the lofty Kremlin, saw below the flames bursting through the houses and palaces, and a cry of "fire! fire!" passed through the city. The dread scene had now fairly opened. Fiery balloons were seen dropping from the air and lighting upon the houses—dull explosions were heard on every side from the shut up dwellings, and the next moment a bright light burst forth, and the flames were raging through the apartments. The serene air and moonlight of the night before had given way to driving clouds, and a wild tempest that swept with the roar of the sea over the city. Flames arose on every side, blazing and crackling in the storm, while clouds of smoke and sparks in an incessant shower went driving towards the Kremlin. The clouds themselves seemed turned into fire, rolling in wrath over devoted Moscow. Mortier crushed with the responsibility thus thrown upon his shoulders, moved with his Young Guard amid this desolation, blowing up the houses and facing the tempest and the conflagration.

He hastened from place to place amid the blazing ruins, his face blackened with the smoke and his hair and eye-brows singed with the fierce heat. At length the day dawned, a day of tempest and flame; and Mortier, who had strained every nerve for thirty-six hours, entered a palace and dropped down from fatigue. The manly form and stalwart arm that had so often carried death into the ranks of the enemy, at length gave way, and the gloomy Marshal lay and panted in utter exhaustion. But the night of tempests had been succeeded by a day of tempest; and when night again enveloped the city, it was one broad flame, wavering to and fro in the blast. The wind had increased to a perfect hurricane, and shifted from quarter to quarter as if on purpose to swell the sea of fire and extinguish the last hope. The fire was approaching the Kremlin, and already the roar of the flames and the crash of falling houses, and the crackling of burning timbers were borne to the ears of the startled Emperor. He arose and walked to and fro, stopping convulsively and gazing on the terrific scene. Murat, Eugene, and Berthier rushed into his presence, and on their knees besought him to flee: but he still clung to that haughty palace as if it were his Empire.

But at length the shout, "The Kremlin is on fire!" was heard above the roar of the conflagration, and Napoleon reluctantly consented to leave. He descended into the streets with his staff, and looked about for a way of egress, but the flames blocked every passage. At length they discovered a postern gate, leading to the Moskwa, and entered it, but they had only entered still further into the danger. As Napoleon cast his eye around the open space, girdled and arched with fire, smoke and cinders, he saw one single street yet open, and amid the crash of falling houses and raging of the flames—over burning ruins, through clouds of rolling smoke, and between walls of fire, he pressed on; and at length, half suffocated, emerged in safety from the blazing city, and took up his quarters in the imperial palace of Petrowsky, nearly three miles distant. Mortier, relieved from his anxiety for the Emperor, redoubled his efforts to arrest the conflagration. His men cheerfully rushed into every danger. Breathing nothing but smoke and ashes—canopied by flame, and smoke and cinders—surrounded by walls of fire that rocked to and fro and fell with a crash amid the blazing ruins, he struggled

against an enemy that no boldness could awe, or courage overcome. Those brave troops had heard the tramp of thousands of cavalry sweeping to battle without fear; but now they stood in still terror before the march of the conflagration, under whose burning footsteps was heard the incessant crash of falling houses, and palaces and churches. The continuous roar of the raging hurricane, mingled with that of the flames, was more terrible than the thunder of artillery; and before this new foe in the midst of this battle of the elements, the awe struck army stood powerless and affrighted.

When night again descended on the city, it presented a spectacle the like of which was never seen before, and which baffles all description. The streets were streets of fire—the heavens a canopy of fire, and the entire body of the city a mass of fire, fed by a hurricane that whirled the blazing fragments in a constant stream through the air. Incessant explosions from the blowing up of stores of oil, of tar and spirits, shook the very foundation of the city, and sent vast volumes of smoke rolling furiously towards the sky. Huge sheets of canvass on fire came floating like messengers of death through the flames—the towers and domes of the churches and palaces glowed with a red-hot heat over the wild sea below, then tottering a moment on their basis were hurled by the tempest into the common ruin. Thousands of wretches before unseen, were driven by the heat from the cellars and hovels, and in an incessant throng through the streets. Children were carrying their parents—the strong, the weak; while thousands more were staggering under the loads of plunder they had snatched from the flames. This, too, would frequently take fire in the falling shower, and the miserable creatures would be compelled to drop it and flee for their lives. Oh, it was a scene of wo and fear inconceivable and indescribable! A mighty and close-packed city of houses, wrapped from limit to limit in flames which are fed by a whirling hurricane, is a sight this world will seldom see.

But this was all within the city. To Napoleon without, the spectacle was still more sublime and terrific. When the flames had overcome all obstacles, and had wrapped every thing in their red mantle, that great city looked like a sea of rolling fire, swept by a tempest that drove it into vast billows. Huge domes and towers, throwing off sparks like blazing fire-brands, now towered above these waves and now disappeared in their maddening flow, as they rushed and broke high over their tops, scattering their spray of fire against the clouds. The heavens themselves seemed to have caught the conflagration, and the angry masses that swept it rolled over a bosom of fire. Columns of flame would rise and sink along the surface of this sea, and huge volumes of black smoke suddenly shoot into the air as if volcanoes were working below. The black form of the Kremlin alone, towered above the chaos, now wrapped in flame and smoke, and again emerging into view—standing amid the scene of desolation and terror, like virtue in the midst of a burning world, enveloped but unscathed by the devouring element. Napoleon stood and gazed upon this scene in silent awe. Though nearly three miles distant, the windows and walls of his apartment were so hot that he could scarcely bear his hand against them. Said he, years afterwards—

"It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to the skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flame below. Oh! it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld."

## Public Sentiment.

The following articles from the Luzerne Democrat show what the intelligent and business part of the party in this State think of the new Tariff:—

## The British Tariff.

This death blow to the poor old Keystone, has passed both Houses, and before this, is the law of the land. We say British Tariff, and mark why we say so. The next steamer from England will bring the news from every newspaper of the kingdom, whether tory, whig, radical, or conservative, containing huzzas over

the prosperity of England and the enslavement of free laborers in America. Mark what we say. We will give our readers the extracts, and we will then see which is the British and which the American measure. Europe will rejoice—our people must mourn. The South has triumphed and a few dough-faces of the North have joined hands with them. Turned their backs, like Benedict Arnold, upon their friends and embraced their foes. Shame where is thy blush! Even Wilmot "repented"—for we see he went with the Pennsylvania delegation when the bill came back to the House with the Senate amendment. So that, finally, the whole delegation in Congress, voted against British interests. Give them the praise. We are told there are some poor souls among us, who live on the garbage of the spoils and who are ever, like crying jackalls, on the trail, commending this bill as democratic! Such men would sell their country for an office worth two and sixpence a day—and rifle the chambers of the dead for a political mantle—if it would bring with it a little power and a very little place! Who are they? Ferret them out ye men of strong arms and sun-burned brows, who toil from morning to night—ferret those men out, and put on these your mark—they who rejoice at the reduction of your hard-earned wages.—Put a mark on them, and when their cringing, fawning puppies come out for office, as they will, remember them!

Who is it in the hour of affliction, when the countenances of men are sad—when business is fluttering between success and prostration—when the bread of the laborer is about to be snatched from his mouth, who is it that exults? The man who would, is unfit to be called a Pennsylvanian. He who would transfer our work shops to England and starve our own men, should go to Europe and live there.

This is no country for him. Its principles are not kindred with him. Free trade and direct taxation is the next step. It is not democratic, says the Southern nullifier, to discriminate. Thirty per cent on iron and coal, and FORTY on cigars and manufactured tobacco! What a commentary! And even here we have men who say the measure is right—protect the slave labor of the tobacco field of the South, and sell to men the free labor of Pennsylvania.

Brother Spirit of the Times, we will help you roll the ball of "Repeal" of the British Tariff. We will go shoulder to shoulder with you, till this bill is expunged—till black lines are written all over it and around it.—Working men of the old Keystone will help you—the men from the mines—the men from furnace and forges—the men from the nail mills—the men from the canal boats—the men from the looms—the men from the farms—the men from the workshops—the men from the hills—from the valleys—from the steamboats and the rail road cars—from the whole state, in all places and all employments—(but the suckers for office)—will send up a shout for repeal, that will make men tremble at the capitol—it will speak repeal louder than the earthquake voice, or the volcano.

Brother Times give us your hand—you talk like a patriot—you speak like a man—you feel like a man—you are a man.

## Free Trade.

On the strength of Peel's bill, a cargo of wheat went out of New York, purchased at \$1 per bushel and has sold in Liverpool at 70 cts. Farmers, you have been told that the free trade bill of the Peel Ministry would improve the price of grain. It has diminished the price—All the European supplies have been flooded into English markets, as was supposed, and the price, as a matter of course, has fallen.

Farmers of Luzerne, Columbia, Wyoming, Susquehanna, Bradford—while the coal and iron business was in operation, you had a cash market at your door for all you could produce. Every thing you could raise brought its full value—lumber, produce, cattle—every thing commanded a cash price. How will it be next year? Free trade thou art a beauty!

Remarkable Circumstance.—The Reading Gazette relates the remarkable circumstance of a lady of that place who recently undertook to travel 30 miles without a bandbox! We shall not be surprised at anything, however marvelous, after this.